



## Cupcakes and Life



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### Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

"Lila? Where are you?"

I straightened up. "Up here!"

Isla's freckly face appeared, craning her neck up at me. I saw a flash of her green braces in her mouth.

"There you are!" Isla shouted. "I was looking for you!"

"Are the cupcakes gone yet?" I called down.

Isla shook her head, red curls flying around her face. "I told them if they didn't save you any cupcakes, they'll be real sorry. Now, are you coming down or not?"

"I'm coming, I'm coming." I swung my legs to the side of the trunk, sliding down, the rough bark rubbing against my bare skin.

When my feet finally reached the bottom, Isla shook her head at me.

"One day, you're going to develop a traumatic fear of heights."

"But until then, I'm still climbing trees," I grin at Isla, breaking into a sprint.

"Wait up!"

When you hear the name Delilah, it makes you think of the grandma who bakes you cookies and pinches your cheeks.

I am neither a grandma nor a person. See more of Story Wars This is why I started going by Lila as soon as I gained social skills.

Lila sounds like the wind rushing through the leaves. It's why I like climbing until the tree is creaking. Delilah is the name of my auntie, who died when she was nineteen.

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Perhaps Momma took the weeping part too far, by giving me the middle name of Willow. Then Poppa intervened and gave me two other middle names, Estelle, after his mother, and Love, for unknown circumstances.

When you look at Delilah Willow Estelle Love Westbrook, you'll see a girl around the age of twelve. Average height, slim build. Freckles across her shoulders, a few sprinkled on her nose. Dark hair that tumbles halfway down her back. But then you notice her eyes.

I have one emerald green eye and one blue-gray eye. Why, I'm not sure, but I always thought they looked cool, with mystery laced around the edges.

"We jump on three," Isla grasped my hand tightly.

"One-"

"Two-"

"THREE!" Isla and I jump at the same time and all I hear is Isla shouting, the wind stealing her words, and all I think about is hitting the clear cold water.

My body slams into the water and I close my eyes, falling into the cold water.

Finally, I spring up, breaking through the surface to applause, spluttering water.

"That was awesome," I say to no one in particular.

Isla standing a few feet away says dryly, "I bet you wanna do that again."

I nod. Isla rolls her eyes but smiles.

"But you know what I'm really craving?" I ask her.

"What?"

"Cupcakes."

Minutes after all the food has been devoured, I'm doing cannonballs into the water.

After my seventh one, I glance at my arm, where I had written LIVE in Sharpie this morning. It had faded from the water but was still visible.

I smiled and swam up to catch up with Isla.

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